Centennial Gleanings.

" You have deeply ventured ;
But all must do so who would greatly win."

—BYRON.

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DEDICATION.

To the Institute of Our Lady,

BALTIMORE, MD.

LOVED Institute, thy children place
These gleanings now before thy shrine;
First fruits in lit'rature's broad field,
We'd have them round thy name to twine.
'Twas in thy classic halls that knowledge's fount
First met our gaze, to lure us to the mount
Where we might cull fair science's flow'rs,
And pluck religion's choicest fruit.
These gleanings now we dedicate
To thee, Our Lady's Institute;
'Tis with thy name this work we now incept,
And trust Centennial Gleanings thou'lt accept.

KATE MCCARTHY,
MINNIE MOSHER,
MAMIE HOGGSON,
JOHANNA GUNTMAN,
BLANCHE THOMPSON,
FANNIE BOND.

PREFACE.

C HANGES vast, and quick succeeding,
E 'er on Hist'ry's page we find,
N oting rise and fall of nations,
T ypical of public mind
E 'er desiring something novel.
N ow a century has flown,
N oting years of independence,
I n which stars and stripes have grown,
A nd the eagle's spread his pinions
L arger o'er the States' dominions.

G reat the triumphs of that century:
L etters, statesmanship, and art,
E ach bears witness to its grandeur
A nd the joy it did impart.
N ow these gleanings here we offer
I n this great Centennial year.
N ow we pray: With eye of critics
G lance not on these gleanings here,
S ince it is Centennial year.

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CENTENNIAL POEMS.

POEMS.

C HEERFULLY greet her, the Queen of the West!
E cho her name—'tis the brightest and best.
N ever a blot stains her brilliant white,
T owering now in her grand, youthful might.
E v'ry true heart must admire the young land,
N ow as in beauty most rare does she stand;
N ow view most glorious loyalty's cheer
I n this the Union's centennial year.
A ll greet her joyously in her renown;
L ove forms our bondage, and love forms her crown.

MINNIE MOSHER.

THE CENTENNIAL.

One hundred years ago to-day,
In Philadelphia's hall,
America's most noble sons
Obeyed their country's call.

One hundred years ago they signed
Her independence there,
Then fought as men for freedom's sake
Would any hardship dare.

And now, a cent'ry since that day,
We'll view a nation's past;
We'll look o'er years of manly deeds,
Of enterprises vast.

Upon her brow kind Fate has placed
The laurels few have won,
And now she stands "Queen of the West,"
The land of setting sun.

Rebellion's cloud did once arise
And threaten her fair sky,
But, crushed, it rained its awful tear
In drops of crimson dye.

Since then, thank God! our nation's peace
Still undisturbed remains,
And North and South together stand
To wipe away all stains.

Our hundredth anniversary!
Is there a human heart
Which, born within the Union's arms,
Does not with rapture start?

Ah! no; each noble soul is raised
In thanks to Him above;
In burning eloquence it tells
Its gratitude and love.

What though one hundred summer suns
Have shone upon the earth

Since that bright day; can we forget
Our nation's glorious birth?

No; though a hundred more shall roll
O'er this our own dear land,
Its mem'ry ne'er'll be worn away,
E'en by old Time's quicksand.

And now, let that old bell again
Peal forth its ringing sound;
Though rusted by the many years,
'Twill make our hearts rebound.

'Twill make them think of those whose name,
Recorded 'mongst the true,
First claimed our country's honest rights—
The brave, the noble few.

Oh! if those hearts which slumber now,
Enwrapt in Death's embrace,

Could rise and see their work's bright
fruits
Of gratitude and grace,

Methinks they would be well repaid
For every drop of blood
Which started in the Union's veins
This patriotic flood.

Then glorious, bright Centennial, hail!
We greet thee with a cheer.
Thou art a welcome, welcome day,
Our country's hundredth year.

MINNIE MOSHER.

CENTENNIAL VISION.

I RETIRED to rest one evening,
But my thoughts were occupied
By the coming great Centennial,
Which should put all else aside.

Suddenly I was transported
To the busy city's streets,
And within old Philadelphia,
Where the great Centennial meets.

When I gazed in wonder round me,
All seemed like a fairy land—
Gardens with their lovely flowers,
Buildings rising proud and grand.

From the spires there floated outward
Flags of every brilliant hue;

All the mighty nations tendered
Tribute to the Union true:

From old England great inventions,
Toys of wondrous make from France,
Paintings Italy has sent us,
Which the gazer's soul entrance.

Brussels sent her finest laces,
India shawls of brightest hue,
And the products of each nation
'Twas like magic work to view.

But I waited, with impatience,
For the Independence bell;
Soon the crowd began to waver,
And a murmur 'gan to swell.

Ev'ry eye was on the belfry,
Watching all the movements there;
Ah! the bell is pealing grandly
"Liberty" upon the air.

Ev'ry moment louder, louder
Do the joyous echoes swell.
Why! I wake, and what is ringing?
'Tis the good old breakfast-bell.

MINNIE MOSHER.

CENTENNIAL SPRING.

I HAD waited and watched for centennial spring,
And at last came the vigil, dark;
For old Winter, with tears, was now bidding adieu,
On eternity's shore to embark.

Yes, he wailed while the shadows enveloped the earth,
But at morning's approach he fled,
And the loveliest Spring, with her brilliant skies,
O'er our earth in her beauty sped.

But her mantle, as token of Winter's esteem,
Had been tipped with his ermine white.
Her light breath has not banished the stern Winter's cold,
Nor awakened the daisies bright.

But her throne will be soon quite surrounded by flow'rs,
Her fair subjects from fairy home;
For her voice will recall the fair wanderers back
That in winter with elfins roam.

Thus we hope the centennial spring will impart
The most balmy and pleasant days;
We will hope it may prove to be such as the bard
E'er records in immortal lays.

MINNIE MOSHER.

THE CENTENNIAL WIND.

The restless throng was stilled at last,
In slumber's mantle wrapped,
When Boreas blew an angry blast
And loud his pinions flapped.

On Wednesday, eighteen seventy-six,
The hour was half-past two,
He left his kingdom in the West
And o'er our bright land flew.

He viewed, in jealous rage, the calm
Which rested o'er the world.
He vowed he would its peace destroy,
And so his flag unfurled.

Kept from the house by fastened doors,
He howled in fury round,
And many homes, to slake his thirst,
Were razed unto the ground.

Destruction marked his pathway dread;
All fled before his might
As flees before Aurora's car
The murky shades of night.

He dipped his pinions in the main,
Till, furious, it would shriek;
Still, from this course he'd not refrain,
But new destruction seek.

The wild white waves leaped mountain-high
Before his mighty breath;
The burden of his fearful song
Was ruin, blood, and death.

He tossed the groaning ships upon
The billow's raging crest;
Their crews, to still the Storm King's ire,
Slept in the ocean's breast.

And though those ships fled from his
might,
Yet still he them pursued,
And left the waves, once foamy white,
With crimson gore imbued.

The gull flew not from rocky nest,
But to the cliffs he crept;
For those who braved the Storm King
then
Were to destruction swept.

The tyrant Death rode with the wind,
And reaped a harvest rare;
The wind swept down the victims, and
Grim Death them gathered there.

On sea and land, with furious stride,
Inspiring all with dread,
He flew o'er ocean, and the vale
With hasty steps he tread.

And this was our Centennial wind,
Which so much mischief did;
But now the satiated king
In Western realms is hid.

MINNIE MOSHER.

THE CENTENNIAL SNOW-STORM.

Like unto the dust that dances
In the sun's most brilliant ray,
So the snow fell softly, slowly,
While the earth in slumber lay.

It kept falling thicker, faster,
During all that starless night,
Till with many little snow-flakes
It had robed in spotless white

This great earth with all its grandeur,
All its woods and forests bold,
Ev'ry little grove and grotto,
Ev'rything with shape and mould.

Oh! how beautiful was nature
When the brilliant sun rose high,
Sending forth his golden sunbeams
From the blue and azure sky.

All day long the tinkle, tinkle,
Of the sleigh-bells could be heard,
And on pinions, slight and tender,
Flew the gray, bright-eyed snow-bird.

Shouts of merry laughter ringing
Forth upon the winter morn,
With the pattering of footsteps,
Brought to us new pleasure born.

Lovely, lovely was the snow-storm,
And it shall remembered be;
For in ev'ry little snow-flake
The Centennial we did see.

MAMIE HOGGSON.

THE CENTENNIAL EXCURSION.

How often in this life of pain
  Does pleasure's form appear!
How much more in this time of fame,
  This great Centennial year!

So thought our honest Mr. P——,
  As, rocking to and fro,
He read of an excursion grand,
  And thought, of course, he'd go.

For he was getting old and gray,
  And he was well-to-do;
But yet the word "excursion," why,
  To him was something new.

So, when the morning dawned so bright,
  He and his family great,
In haste, the steamer went to meet,
  For fear they should be late.

Arriving at the harbor gay,
They entered, with great care,
A steamer anchored at the shore,
And paid the round-trip fare.

And when the noble steamer rushed
Amid the waves with speed,
His wife said all was beautiful;
What more could mortals need?

But when the wished-for hour of lunch
Came round, as e'er it does,
They all seemed tired, and hungry too,
And cast dark looks at those

Who were partaking joyfully
Of sandwiches and pies,
And chicken cold, and brandy-punch,
Prepared by loving wives.

And Mrs. P—— broke out at last,
In words of angry scorn,

And wished to know why luncheon was
Not served to them in turn.

A neighbor sitting at her right
Said that she did not know,
But thought with money she could buy
Her luncheon down below.

Now, Mr. P——, dear soul! had read
Of an excursion free,
And thought, of course, in this one too,
They'd furnish food in fee.

But they were disappointed sad;
Their pleasure turned to pain;
While Mr. P—— in rage declared
He'd never go again.

M. HOGGSON.

FATE.

EACH nation and each heart alike
  Is governed by my hand;
My sway extends o'er all the earth,
  In every clime and land.

To some, I grant a victor's crown;
  To others, slav'ry's chain;
Some hearts I cheer with love and light,
  I others crush with pain.

My finger points the divers ways
  In which all mortals tread;
Though e'er invisible myself,
  My frown is held in dread.

But justice, hand in hand with me,
  Controls each war, each state;

All here on earth my will obey—
My name is known as "Fate."

'Tis now your pleasure I attend,
Not as a judge, but as a friend;
Unto your view I first will call
The youngest nation of them all.

UNITED STATES.

'Tis at your bidding, Fate, I come
My hist'ry to recount;
And I, though unrenowned by age,
Am Liberty's sweet fount.

Before a white man's foot had trod
Upon my long-sought shore,
E'en though the savage only knew,
'Twas rich in golden ore.

E'en though 'twas only savage voice
Which rose, O God! to Thee,

Yet that rude voice proclaimed aloud:
"This land is for the free."

I was not then a nation strong;
No, 'twas before my birth;
But now I stand, through struggles fierce,
A mighty one on earth.

Now, dearest friends, my progress swift
I will to you unfold;
My years are full of enterprise,
Though just one hundred old.

Oh! yes, this next July will bring
The annivers'ry dear;
And I will have completed then
My first one hundredth year.

Oh! thanks to those brave, noble men
Who gave for me their all;
They wear a crown of fame most bright,
Which ne'er shall fade nor fall.

All thanks to God, whose mighty will
  Inspired their faithful hearts
With love for freedom, and the joy
  Which her great cause imparts.

Though youngest I 'mong nations stand
  On earth's great bosom wide,
My commerce whitens every sea,
  My ships rise with the tide.

Of destiny, e'en Albion,
  Long mistress of the sea,
Hath found with her transplanted child
  A worthy rivalry.

Adversity's o'er-shadowing cloud
  My eagle's beak pierced through,
And from the opening shone the stars
  With Red and White and Blue.

FATE.

Italia fair, I summon thee:
Appear and give thy history.

ITALY.

From sunny skies I come, O Fate!
  Your summons I obey,
And though the mighty waves divide,
  You called—I could not stay.

What nation on this mighty globe
  Can boast of arts like mine?
What nation sent forth men so great?—
  Men noble and divine.

What other soil gave Angelo,
  Or witnessed Raphael's birth?
The answer thunders echo forth
  Is: "None upon the earth."

I've giv'n religion its divines,
  The world its finest arts,
And science's o'ermastering power
  From my bright land ne'er parts.

Look o'er the world's expanse, and find
One other who can claim
A child in Galileo, or
A rival to his name.

From Alpine heights to southern plains
My soil with verdure teems;
O'er all my lakes' serene expanse
The sun casts brightest beams.

But more than grand old castle walls
Or art sublime and fair,
I wave o'er that which none can claim—
The great St. Peter's chair.

FATE.

Bright France, I now will call on thee:
Appear, recount thy history.

FRANCE.

Fair lilies bearing, Fate, I come;
To thy command I bow;

For thou in kindness hast entwined
The laurel round my brow.

My eagle bright was born amid
The northern Russia's snows,
But thou, kind Fate, recalled it home,
Then placed it safe from foes,

Between the Alps and Pyrenees,
Which stand like giants gaunt,
To guard them from invasion's force
And from the scourge of want.

Among my marshalled hosts there rode
King Henry of Navarre;
His plume, as white as winter's snow,
Was e'er a guiding star.

The greatest warrior of the earth
Called me his native land—
Napoleon, mighty emperor!
Whose conquests half so grand?

Though his bright deeds of war will live
In hist'ry many an age,
Yet Louis, saint of God, shall dwell
In mem'ry's sacred page.

FATE.

Fair Switzerland, I bid thee come
And leave awhile thy mountain home.

SWITZERLAND.

From Alpine heights, O Fate! I come
Thy bidding to obey;
My mountains echoed thy commands
Which bade me haste away.

Enshrined within each grateful heart
Are names of true and brave,
Whose life-blood flowed in torrents red,
Their liberty to save.

While mem'ry lasts shall William Tell
Within her portals stay;

And Arnold Winkelried will live
Though nations pass away.

Yes, names of noble men like those
Can never, never die
While one mount rears its snow-crowned head
So proudly tow'rd the sky.

'Twas Nature's bulwarks aided them
To break the despot's rod;
And so we bless Thee for their strength,
"Our God, our fathers' God."

FATE.

I bid thee, England, now appear:
Recount thy varied hist'ry here.

ENGLAND.

O Fate! at thy command I come,
For all thee must obey;
The cable resting 'neath the waves
Thy summons did convey.

When first attempted Cæsar's force
My country to subdue,
The Druid priests held worship 'neath
My oaks of verdant hue.

Since then, beneath the Saxon's sway,
Great men have worn the crown;
And hist'ry tells of Alfred's deeds,
Which won undimmed renown.

Then Edmund, surnamed Ironside,
Had tried in vain to stay
The ebbing tide of fortune's sea,
But soon the Danes held sway.

From Danish rule regained at last,
The Conqueror William came,
Displaying all his wond'rous deeds
Of daring and of fame.

The Henries, Richards, Edwards—all
Have reigned with varying pow'r;

And I from barb'rous state arose
In fortune's favored hour.

Now ev'ry sea my vessels toss,
They sail to every land;
Rich furs they bring from Northern shores,
Bright gold from India's strand.

Refinement, arts, and sciences,
Within my bound'ries dwell;
And scarce a nation of the earth
Has prospered half so well.

Now marked success attends my steps;
The cause full well is known:
Victoria, just and gentle queen,
Does occupy my throne.

FATE.

Fair Germany, I bid thee haste!
And tell of names thy hist'ry graced.

GERMANY.

I come, O Fate! at thy command,
Replete with triumph rare,
Thrice noted for my noble sons
And for my daughters fair.

Within my bound'ries Beethoven
And gifted Haydn dwelt,
With Mozart, Muses' favored ones,
Around my altars knelt.

I'm Goethe's honored native land;
The land of Schiller's birth—
Both names of poets, Heav'n-inspired,
Whose fame extends o'er earth.

Great warriors, too, have held my throne,
Whose deeds of fame resound.
What braver man than Otho First
Has ever yet been found?

Though clouds of infidelity
Now darken my domain,

We'll hope that Heav'n's light soon will come
And lighten all again.

FATE.

Hispania, Fate does summon thee!
Approach and tell thy history.

SPAIN.

Kind Fate, I come at thy command,
To thee am I resigned;
For thou amid my raven hair
Hast verdant laurel twined.

My hist'ry is replete with names
Most noble, brave, and great,
Who died in Moorish wars, to save
Religion and the state.

The names of Isabella, queen,
And Ferdinand, the king,
Will live in mem'ry's sacred hall
While still her echoes ring.

Columbus from my shores embarked
To seek an unknown sphere;
Now famed America's brave sons
Will e'er his name revere,

And it will ring through cent'ries vast
When famous ones shall die,
And children learn to lisp it low,
Though he in dust doth lie.

FATE.

From frosty regions, Russia, come!
And tell the history of thy home.

RUSSIA.

From snowy heights, O Fate! I haste
To tell my hist'ry now;
For I must thy commands obey,
And at thy bidding bow.

Beneath obscurity's dark veil
My earliest records lie;

And naught can I reveal to man
Of primal history.

But I of honored names can boast:
The first is Peter Great,
Who did refinement introduce
Into my Northern state.

Successfully, Elizabeth
Has reigned upon my throne;
And e'en in Britain's bound'ries vast
Her name and deeds were known.

Napoleon, when he sought to place
His eagles 'midst my snows,
Was met by noble men and brave,
Who fought their country's foes.

Then Moscow, city famed for wealth,
Was razed unto the ground;
Napoleon's army booty sought,
But death and famine found.

Thus was foiled that warrior great,
By simple Russian men;
And thus we'll foil invasion's force,
Whene'er it comes again.

FATE.

O China! Fate now bids thee come:
Recount the history of thy home.

CHINA.

I come obedient, Fate, to thee,
From my enclosing wall;
And though it braves both friends and foes,
It ne'er resists thy call.

My origin I cannot tell,
Nor whence my people came;
Though in tradition it is said:
"They are Ham's sons of fame."

In my domain are arts, unknown
To other lands of earth;

And some have thought my kingdom
was
The cradle of man's birth.

My sons have known but heathen gods,
And unto them have prayed;
Before Idolatry's false throne
Their homage has been laid.

But noble men endeavor now
To bring them to the One
Who died for all on Calv'ry's mount—
The true God's only Son.

They save the helpless, pretty babes
From Death's cold, dark embrace;
They wash away the stain of sin,
Restore God's strengthening grace.

And thanks we tender to the ones
Who aid to us have given.
We bless the Holy Childhood dear;
It fosters hopes of Heav'n.

"Our Lady's Institute" has sent
Great help in sorest need;
And it will prosper well, for God
Rewards each noble deed.

FATE.

To thee I call, O India fair!
Appear, recount thy merits rare.

INDIA.

Fate, to thee I homage pay;
Thou dost call, and I obey.
Rich in jewels bright and rare,
Coral red entwines my hair;
Pearls are taken from my strand,
Rivers course o'er golden sand;
From my jungles, deep and gay,
Tigers spring upon their prey;
Brightest flowers deck my breast,
And the moon's entrancing crest
Throws her gentle, silv'ry beams
O'er the rippling, murmuring streams;

And my shawls, of softest folds,
E'er envelop graceful moulds;
Ladies, of far-distant lands,
For my cashmeres send demands;
Warbling birds, of plumage bright,
Flit like passing gleams of light;
And the fairest things of earth
In my bosom have their birth.

FATE.

Now, Egypt, come from Afric's coast;
Of many wonders thou canst boast!

EGYPT.

Thou hast called me from my dwelling
'Neath the sun of Afric's skies,
And to thee old Egypt's standard
On the wings of duty flies.

Thou, O Fate! hast truly spoken:
Wond'rous is my far-famed land;

By the favored breath of fortune
Has my brow so oft been fanned.

Long before the Christian era
Rose the Pyramids on high,
Seeming, in their lofty grandeur,
Giants from the beaming sky.

Many spires which grace Rome's arches
First were taken from my shore;
And my land was sought by scholars,
Ancient legends to explore.

Hist'ry tells of many heroes,
Who my throne have occupied,
Who have, in the by-gone cent'ries,
All invasion's force defied.

Mizraim was my well-known founder,
And his name will e'er be known
While they tell of ancient grandeur—
Egypt's grandeur which has flown.

There's a city still remaining
Bearing Alexander's name;
'Tis a monument of triumph,
'Tis a monument of fame.

Fair Octavia's rival princess
Was a native of my land;
She, the far-famed Cleopatra,
Reigned with firm, unwav'ring hand.

But my glory all departed;
Only ruins now are left.
Time has given no fresh laurels,
Yet of fame I'm not bereft.

FATE.

The countries present, future, past,
Have come at my command:
The Union future, Asia past,
And Europe present land.

The one which now I call to you
Doth own not mortal sway,

But flag of faith, religion's light,
I bid appear to-day.

ROME.

Bearing a banner of holy renown,
Fate, I obey thee to-day;
Hearing thy call, in my Roman domain,
Hastily sped I away.

Men with the noblest and purest of hearts
Own me their only true guide;
Martyrs have proven their faith in my truths,
Giving for this life's red tide.

Mine not the fame of the warrior's deeds;
Mine is the conquest of sin;
Mine is the task of the saving of souls,
Hearts for our dear Lord to win.

This is the port where unfortunate ones,
Wrecked on the waters of life,

Find the sweet rest long denied them—
Rest from the toils and the strife.

This is the beacon e'er shining so clear
Lighting the world with its beams,
Teaching how fickle and false is the show
Here in this fleeting life's dreams.

This is the rock which shall stand ever firm
'Gainst the approach of the foe;
Never, oh! never will these colors droop,
Ne'er will they falter below!

God ever watches it; God will protect.
Naught can this flag overwhelm.
Lightly it bounds o'er the billowy sea;
Pius the Ninth holds the helm.

This is the anchor of all faithful souls;
It will support us in grief,
It will revive us whose poor broken hearts
Pine for sweet rest and relief.

This is His cross; we'll receive it on earth,
Bear it in faith e'er and e'er;
Though 'tis reviled by the worldly and vain,
Love it! Forsake it? Oh! ne'er.

This is the crown, the reward of the good;
It is the jewel most bright;
It shall be worn by the joyous and blest
There in the realms of God's light.

This is our all-in-all here in the world;
This is a treasure most dear;
This is the cross and the anchor and crown;
This is the beacon most clear.

LIBERTY.

Lastly, kind Fate, I would join your bright band;
Here I would speak to my favorite child.

Union Columbia, I've watched o'er thee e'er,
Thou whom no tyrant hast ever defiled.

Hail to thee! land of the free and the brave;
Liberty joyously greets thee to-day.
Thou thy centennial this year hast attained,
Safe from the wrecks of each warfare and fray.

Maine, thy true daughter, who dwells in the North,
Sends, with New Hampshire, a greeting to thee;
Faithful Vermont, Massachusetts, and Rhode
Island small, hail thee the land of the free.

Fertile Connecticut joins with New York,
Sending obedience, allegiance, and love;
Delaware greets thee, and prays that our Lord
Blessing will send from His kingdom above.

Old Pennsylvania, whose Quakerland town
First sent the tidings of liberty forth,
Now greets thee joyously in thy renown,
Hailing thy justly-acknowledged great worth.

Favored New Jersey, with Maryland bright,
Thee will congratulate heartily now.
Eastern and Western Virginia unto
Thee their e'erlasting submission will vow.

Northern and Southern Car'lina, too, send
Greetings to thee for thy first hundredth year.
Georgia and Florida join in the band,
Wishing their mother the happiest cheer.

Fair Alabama, with Tennessee too,
Tenders her greetings to thee on this day.
True Mississippi and Texas so large,
Fain their kind wishes to thee would convey

Wealthy Arkansas, Ohio too, e'er
Would thee congratulate loving and kind.
Michigan, Iowa, Kansas, send their
Greetings, with other State sisters combined.

Louisiana, rich State, too, will give
All her allegiance and love unto thee.
Star of the West—Minnesota—with joy,
Sends, with Missouri, her love to the free.

Rich California, adorned with bright gold;
Oregon, lashed by the ocean so blue;
Western Nevada, all join with the rest,
Tendering wishes sincere and so true.

Bright Illinois, Indiana, and all
Will thee congratulate lovingly now.
Modest Nebraska, Kentucky too, will
Twine, with Wisconsin, a wreath for thy brow.

Union, 'tis God who protects all below;
He it was guided my wandering choice.
I have thee favored, obedient in all
E'er to the sound of His Majesty's voice.

Now will I give thee true guardian ones,
Who will me aid in e'er watching o'er thee;
Justice, the first, will protect all thy deeds,
Keeping them safe, and from injury free.

Purity in all thy laws next appears,
Ever preventing all fraud and deceit.
Vict'ry in war will, too, aid in thy cause,
And thy bright guardian spirits complete.

Thrice I have crowned thee with victory's wreath;
Now I will crown thee a hundred years old.
May you for e'er persevere in right's path,
Never, oh! never in virtue grow cold.

Now to Him our Father kind,
  Reigning high in Heav'n above,
Let us sing of one accord
  Hymns of gratitude and love.

M. MOSHER.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

FOR SOMETHING HIGHER I'VE BEEN BORN.

To Wisdom's realm I dive within my mind,
And there my troubled thoughts oft cite;
And when within its secret cave, I find
That like the eagle's was my flight,
For naught would I there gain, save shame and scorn,
Then thought: For something higher I've been born.

Sweet music, borne on playful zephyr's wings,
With rapture comes from fairy lands;
Bright thoughts of happy, perfumed flow'rs it brings,
And thus my fevered brow it fans.

But when I wake from this my dream of bliss,
With joy I ask: Am I, then, born for this?

I've wandered over fields in verdure clad;
The fairies' magic ring I've seen.
These cheerful sights filled me with rapture glad,
All things on earth were so serene;
But when I found each rose become a thorn,
Thought I: For something higher I've been born!

Where will I find that for which I was born—
The glory, greatness, wisdom, fame?
Where will I find that for which I oft mourn,
And seek for so often in vain?
Show me the path, though it has many a thorn,
Where I may find that for which I was born.

Oh! look thou unto yon fair, beauteous sky
Where twinkling stars their shadows cast.

Where no storms rage, but brightness e'er
does lie,
And spring eternally does last,
And high in yonder realms of brightest
morn
Thou'll find thy God, for whom thou hast
been born.

KATE MCCARTHY.

THE SHEPHERD.

Dedicated, as a mark of ever-deepening gratitude, to our friend and instructor, Rev. F. L.

THERE'S a fold of little lambs,
And a shepherd true and kind;
With a cord of virtue's woof
Lovingly each one he'll bind.

Each one knows his tender voice,
Each one cherishes his smile;
And the shepherd prays the Lord:
"Keep them, Master, free from guile."

Like the sunlight on the vale
Is his presence to the fold;
Gladdens he each trusting heart
By his look of peace untold.

In the meadow Piety
He is guarding them with care;

He it is who leads the way
To the sacred golden stair.

If, perchance, a drop of grief
They receive from Fate's dark palm,
How his words of comfort fall
Like a dew of sweetest balm!

Kindly, fondly cheers he all,
Till their hearts are beating gay;
But he watches carefully,
Keeping wolf of vice away.

Thus the shepherd tends his fold,
Watching all, that none may rove;
Loved by ev'ry lamb-like heart
In Our Lady's school of love.

BABY BERNARD.

Like a beam of heaven's sunlight
  Came he to our earth one day,
But his mother, kind and gentle,
  Passed, to fill his place, away.

Tiny eyes, like little vi'lets,
  Seem a part of heaven's hue,
Stolen from the azure mantle
  Of the sky's bright robe of blue.

Little cheeks so soft and rosy,
  As if taken from the morn;
Oh! our little Baby Bernard
  Is the sweetest ever born.

M. Mosher.

THE ONE WANT.

WHATE'ER our station is in life,
Be it in courtly halls of state
Or homes where poverty is rife,
There is a want we crave from fate.

The happiness of each doth want
One thing to render it complete;
This want doth ever rise to taunt
The soul in hours of thought most sweet.

By me that want is keenly felt:
It is to know a mother's love,
And by that mother be caressed
Who's now, alas! in heaven above.

'Mid scenes of pleasure and of mirth
That mother's face doth oft arise;
To thoughts of sadness it gives birth,
And tears flow quickly from mine eyes.

Though I may live full many a year,
That want will never be suppressed,
But wax e'er stronger as I near
That home where dwells my mother blessed.

Friends I may meet both true and dear,
To them be bound by friendship's tie;
Still, they cannot be half as near
As she who in her grave doth lie.

This one great want will still remain
With me where'er on earth I roam;
But it, at last, I will obtain,
In that my destined heavenly home.

K. McCarthy.

GREETING TO HOME.

Be thou greeted, my childhood's fond home!
Thy long absented one doth thee greet;
Fervent pray'rs rise in thanks to God's throne
That I can thy loved soil again meet.

'Twas my love for vain glory that drove
Me abroad o'er strange countries to roam,
But when absent from loved ones, I found
I was wishing myself e'er at home.

The gay world offers much unto men—
Fame, position, wealth, honor, and show;
But it cannot bestow that sweet peace
Which we'll find at our fireside, we know.

Here I'll rest from all cares of the world;
Here my bosom I'll free from all strife;
Here, in quiet and peace, I will dwell,
And end here, if God wills it, my life.

Be thou greeted, my childhood's fond home!
Thy long absented one doth thee greet;
Fervent pray'rs rise in thanks to God's throne,
That I can thy loved soil again meet.

K. McCarthy.

CHANGE.

Scarce had the tiny seedling sank
Into the furrowed earth's brown lap,
When unto it God's fiat came,
And flowers sprang from the seedling's sap.

Scarce had the trees put forth their leaves
Ere they a cover wore of rust;
'Tis thus with man—to-day he lives,
To-morrow's changed to silent dust,

With merry peals the bells are rung
When man first enters on this life,
But heavy, tolling sounds announce
When he has passed beyond all strife.

Life's hill we mount, and then descend;
Our life is short, we pass away;
A change takes place within the soul,
A change from darkness unto day.

K. McCarthy.

"THOU TOO, MY SON?"

One of Rome's most noble hearts,
Pierced by treachery's poisoned darts,
Fighting still in self-defence,
Groans in agony intense:
"Thou too, my son?"

This was Cæsar's last lament,
Strength was e'en then almost spent;
But when Brutus traitor proved,
Cæsar gasped to him he loved:
"Thou too, my son?"

Brutus slaked in blood his thirst,
And he fled, Cain's mark accursed
Fixed upon his faithless heart.
Still those words deep wound impart:
"Thou too, my son?"

In the battle's cannon roars,
Loud waves lashing rock-bound shores,

As a vengeance just and meet,
Echoing these words, replete:
"Thou too, my son?"

But a treach'ry still more deep,
Caused our blessed Lord to weep
Tears of sorrow and regret,
As He said, so mildly yet:
"Thou too, my son?"

'Twas the look of Jesus' eyes,
'Twas His sad, reproachful sighs,
Which revealed His bursting heart.
Oh! what love those words impart:
"Thou too, my son?"

Piercing Judas' inmost soul,
Hast'ning him on to the goal
In a suicidal grave.
From these words, but death can save:
"Thou too my son?"

What, the falt'ring one recalled,
When by threat'ning dire appalled,

Peter did his Lord deny?
'Twas His look joined with a sigh:
"Thou too, my son?"

At the altar, when the skies
Checkered were with rainbow dyes,
Knelt a pure and holy boy;
Whom our Lord addressed with joy:
"Thou too, my son!"

But in after years of life,
Fall'n from grace in earthly strife,
Does he hear God's gentle voice?
Now lamenting his sad choice:
"Thou too, my son?"

And when any mortal falls,
Thus our Heavenly Father calls.
Let us heed reproach so mild,
And become again His child;
He'll then say, when life is past,
"Enter in my joys at last:
Thou too, my son!"

MINNIE MOSHER.

REFLECTIONS.

The sable shadows of the eve
Were warning day to close,
And all the earth seemed dark and drear
Enough to seek repose.

And I my heated, throbbing brow
Pressed close upon the pane,
To watch the heavy, low'ring clouds
That sprinkled down the rain.

All day the dull and ceaseless splash
Was heard upon the pave,
While out within the cold church-yard
It trickled down each grave.

How lonely, drear, and sorrowful
All things to me did look,
As forth into the starless night
A hurried gaze I took!

The distant spires rose dim and vague
In each uncertain light,
That flickered through the darkness of
The cold and stormy night.

What strange and moody thoughts arise
In such a deep, cold gloom,
The very breath we draw seems like
'Tis from the damp, cold tomb!

Reflections such in life oft come
Of dark and gloomy cast,
The thought of which returns to bring
Sad mem'ries of the past.

Alas! these mem'ries often prove
To be with anguish fraught,
So keen that in our hearts they leave
A wound healed up by naught.

BLANCHE THOMPSON.

UPWARDS.

Your spirit, does it ever wage
  Against your body warfare strong?
Would you this warfare overcome,
  And win the prize for which you long?
Learn, then, to walk in God's most holy
    way,
And die unto the sinful world each day.

Die each false hope or happiness
  That like unto a fog obscures
The light which is to guide us on,
  And down to death the soul allures;
Heaven's starry, spangled vault from view
    they hide,
And cause the soul to linger e'er outside.

Let not vain dreams your soul mislead,
  Nor draw it off to worldly schemes,
But ever upward turn your heart
  To where the sun in glory beams;

For each glance turned from earth to heaven
A jewel bright will to your crown be given.

All schemes and plans of men grow old,
They're cast aside like garments worn;
They who project them have to die,
And from their enterprise be torn.
What then avails their hoarded gold and fame,
If on Heaven's scroll they find not their proud name?

Then upward e'er your footsteps turn:
This world to you can offer naught
Compared to that which Heaven holds,
And will bestow if only sought;
Null all your thoughts and actions here below,
Unless on Heaven you your thoughts bestow.

Have no desire save that to reach
Heaven's everlasting starry height;
Strive ever for that lovely land
Bathed always in God's dazzling light;
Cease not till by Heaven's incensed zephyrs fanned,
Within the pearl and jasper gates you stand.

K. McCarthy.

GIFTS.

Gifts are drops of purest comfort,
They're a balm to ev'ry heart;
They convey, in sweetest accents,
All the love which we'd impart.

God our Father's gifts most precious
Cheer us in this earthly life,
Dear encouragements from Heaven
Aiding us in mortal strife.

Oh! how gifts from loving parents
Twine themselves around our heart,
Till 'twould rend our very heart-strings
If e'er forced from them to part.

Gifts from friends are like the dew-drops,
Calling fond emotions forth,
Cooling e'en the brow of anguish;
Who can tell their cherished worth?

E'en the smallest gifts are precious
From the one who's ne'er forgot,
Though it be a tiny flower
With the words, "Forget me not."

Cherished, precious gifts bless twofold:
They who give and who receive;
E'er imparting sweetest pleasure,
They the pain-racked brow relieve.

M. MOSHER.

WATCHING.

Sitting in my humble doorway,
Gazing out into the night,
Listening to the stormy tumult
With a kind of sad delight,

Wait I for the one who comes not,
One whose step I long to hear,
One who, though she lingers from me,
Still is dearest of the dear.

Softly comes she! Heart, be silent!
Dancing in triumphant pride.
Ah! it is a stranger's footstep,
Gone by on the other side.

Branches, bid your leaves be silent!
Stop your flowing, fretful rain!
Near I hear her footsteps drawing;
Grant, O God! it be not vain.

Eagerly I listen for it,
Nearer me I hear it glide;
Ah! again a stranger's footstep,
Passing on the other side.

O my mother! will you never
Come again to bless me here?
Echo sighs: "We'll meet in Heaven!
Here, in virtue persevere."

Oh! how many wait for ever
For the steps they love so dear;
Wait until all hope of seeing
Will entirely disappear.

JOHANNA GUNTMAN.

PATIENCE.

O PATIENCE fair! thou quieter of strife!
On thee I call, my weary heart to still.
Thou brightest, strength'ning staff of woman's life!
'Tis thou alone life's saddest voids can fill.
O virtue heaven-born! I pray draw nigh
And soothe my soul with thy sweet lullaby.

Think not the virtues of the world more fair
Because they show life as a colored dream;
Concealed behind the misty film they wear,
The grave doth lie; for they're not what they seem.
In sacrifice alone we joy will find;
Sweet Patience! peace bestow upon my mind.

When in the heart of man wild storms have sway,
'Tis thou who stills the billows of his soul;
And when huge rocks lie scattered in his way,
Thy hand these rocks from out his path doth roll.
In life's swift course man oft may joy enslave,
And lets that pass, he thinks, he cannot brave.

Life's thorny path with caution we must tread,
Resigned to ev'ry trouble we may meet;
Not battling with our souls for ev'ry dread,
But wait until the dawn of joy most sweet;
Have ever by our side kind Patience fair,
And smile beneath our ev'ry woe and care.

As angels we are sent unto the world,
We therefore should ourselves keep free from strife.

May Peace's bright banner o'er us e'er be furled,
And yon bright star e'er guide us on through life!
If ills we can't surmount, nor firmly stand,
Sweet Patience! lend to us thy helping hand.

K. McCarthy.

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.

What a beautiful thought
To note time by the flowers!
Those dear gifts which were brought
From God's heavenly bowers.

When in times long gone by
Men for dials used flowers,
On bright wings then did fly
Both the days and the hours.

Certain flowers there are
Have their time to unfold,
And appear, like the star
In the east, as of old.

At each hour there are some
In which changes appear,
And 'tis thus they could come
At the time all the year.

If we thus would time mark
How delightful 'twould seem!
Then to God we would hark,
And with love for Him teem.

With what interest we'd look
On each flower we'd meet;
How we'd search ev'ry nook
For those dials so sweet!

We all hope that the hours
Of our friends from all guile
Will be free, and that flowers
Will alone form their dial;

That their journey through life
May be pleasant and sweet,
And with flowers be rife,
Till in heaven we meet.

KATE MCCARTHY.

THE RAINBOW.

High in the azure heavens,
Its crescent bow is there,
The Lord's fulfilling promise
To Noah's earnest prayer.

See how its colors mingle:
Red, yellow, green, and blue,
From indigo and orange
To vi'let's tender hue.

When lightning's vivid flashes,
And thunder's roaring noise,
Have been removed by Phœbus,
All nature does rejoice.

The proud oak is still prouder;
The willow bends its leaves;
And all along the meadows
Are rustling golden sheaves.

The hoary pines are whisp'ring
About the recent storm;
The flow'rets of the valley
Are bending low their form.

And by degrees, the heavens
Become a golden sphere,
All prett'ly mottled over
With blue sky there and here.

And then, 'mid all this splendor,
The rainbow does come forth,
Full brighter than Aurora,
The light which greets the north.

It glows from out the heavens,
A monument of old,
And tells to us the promise
That was to Noah told.

MAMIE HOGGSON.

HOPE.

PROUD Jupiter, the god of gods,
Looked down with angry mien
Upon the friend of all mankind,
Upon his rival keen.

"Revenge is sweet!" this great god thought;
"Prometheus, the good,
Shall suffer for his noble deeds—
Shall cool my angry mood."

Forthwith, he sent Prometheus
Pandora, as a bride,
And in the cask, which she was sent,
All mis'ry did abide.

But Hope, the brightest star of life,
From out the cask came last,
To cheer us on our weary way,
Until life shall have passed.

And ever since that ancient time
When heathen gods prevailed,
Hope e'er has been our guiding star,
Whose light has never paled.

When darkest clouds o'ercast the sky,
When friends and none are near.
Then, through the heaven's angry dome,
Its glimm'ring rays appear.

And when we're thrown on life's great surge,
And troubles us impede,
Sweet Hope is then the only one
Who lends her hand in need.

And crushed ambition ne'er despairs
While she is in the sky,
But builds again its lofty tow'rs,
And frames them with a sigh.

MAMIE HOGGSON.

TRUE HONORS.

'Mong all the stations life can boast
Deserving honor much,
There are but three from out that host
That I would rank as such.

It is not rank nor glitt'ring gold
True honors can confer;
But he who would these treasures hold,
Must let no woe deter.

By toil true honors can be gained,
And 'tis by that alone;
And they who glory have attained,
In youth its seed have sown.

The ones who in the halls of state
Their country's rights defend,
And think her laws of utmost weight,
Their road to honor wend.

The statesmen who in heart are pure,
And for their country's good
All sorrows bear, all trials endure,
Are worthy honor's food.

Oh! great the honor that redounds
To statesmen good and true,
To those who keep within the bounds
Of God's most holy view.

These glories great that they obtain
Do not fade in a day,
In after years they still remain
Like some bright gilded ray.

The soldier's station, too, does gain
True honors thick and fast;
They make him fearless of all pain,
And brav'ry o'er him cast.

Oh! surely honor is well placed
When given to those who brave
The ire of creatures most debased,
That they their land may save.

They who upon the battle-field
Their life's best blood do shed,
More honor have than those who wield
The royal power dread.

The pensive searcher after fame
In lit'rature's broad field,
Adds far more honor to his name
Than warriors do wield.

They who in letters gain success
Fame's highest point obtain,
For other honors then grow less,
As they the laurel gain.

By industry alone we'll gain
The pinnacle of fame;
Without it, we will ne'er obtain
In lit'rature a name.

The laurel wreath of fame we'll find
A joy in after years,
In trials our aching brow 'twill bind
And dry the fount of tears.

K. McCarthy.

THE CREEPING SHADOW.

THERE'S a shadow ever creeping
O'er us always, waking, sleeping;
It is slowly, surely coming;
Midst the gay and busy humming,
Midst the silent hour of midnight,
Midst the glory of the sunlight,
It is creeping o'er our being,
And from it there is no fleeing.
There's a shadow mute advancing,
O'er our pathway ever glancing:
'Tis Death's ebon wing e'er throwing
Darkness o'er our way, and growing
Darker, darker, nearer, nearer,
As our life's stream 's flowing drearer;
But beyond the shadow lying
Is a light towards which we're flying,
And when darkest shades are creeping,
Then we'll wake where is no sleeping.

MINNIE MOSHER.

FAME.

I saw a ray of dazzling light,
Which all my senses thralled;
I found its source, but ah! my sight
Its brilliancy appalled.

It was a flow'r, more beautiful
Than I had ever known,
A longing seized upon my heart
To grasp it for my own.

The path, I knew, was rugged, steep,
But I'd the danger dare,
For Fame was written on its crest:
The way was Wisdom's stair.

I thought: if I once gained the height
The clime would be so calm,
And I would pluck the shining flow'r,
To bear it as a palm.

I toiled and toiled the weary way,
While brighter grew the light,
Till all at once the blossom rare
Burst full upon my sight.

But one more step—'tis mine! 'tis mine!
Ah God! the vision's flown;
The thing, I toiled so hard to win,
Has cold and empty grown.

Though brilliant to the gazing crowd,
To me 'tis, oh! so dark.
And standing there, with heavy heart,
I hear a sound, and hark!

With steady tread, o'er battles' gore,
I see a man advance;
He's fighting for this flow'r of fame
With trusty sword and lance.

His weary head is drooping low,
He hopes refreshment here;
Ah! poor deluded one, how fast
The dream will disappear.

MINNIE MOSHER.

LIFE'S KALEIDOSCOPE.

One night a merry, prattling child
Received a gift with joy:
"From papa," lisped the ruby lips;
"I know it is a toy."

With eager haste she soon began
The package then to ope,
And lo! she sees, with new delight,
A bright kaleidoscope.

This simple little toy is formed
Of bits of colored glass,
But when you gaze into its depths
What wonders come to pass!

For ev'ry piece together clings
And forms a brilliant sight,
That one would almost think 'twas made
By fairies' magic might.

Each pathway, be it e'er so drear,
Is brightened by sweet Hope;
O'er ev'ry way it gently shines,
Our life's kaleidoscope.

What aids us here on earth to bear
Each trouble and each frown?
We look through life's kaleidoscope,
We see a heav'nly crown.

The warrior on the battle-field
The cannon's war will face,
For Hope, within the distance shows,
His own dear native place.

And those would sink upon the way
Who toil for honored fame,
But life's kaleidoscope, it shows
A stainless, deathless name.

And why have many noble men
Unnumbered dangers braved?
Because, by Hope's bright ray, they see
The souls of heathen saved.

Then oh! if thou wilt deign to shine
Upon me, gentle Hope,
I ne'er will weary of my cross,
But with each danger cope.

My bark shall smoothly glide along
Life's billowy, troubled sea,
If I discover, through woe's clouds,
One little ray of thee.

M. MOSHER.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

With the simple Indian people
There exists a legend old,
And to little, prattling children
It has oft and oft been told.

When they'd ask, with childish wonder,
What it was up in the sky,
With its various colors brilliant,
And its hues of ev'ry dye.

Then the wrinkled, swarthy grandmas
Said: the bow so shining there
Was the garden of Great Spirit,
Was His flower-garden fair.

And when faded were the roses,
He would take and plant them where,
Never dying, they would ever
Flourish 'neath His fost'ring care.

And the modest little vi'let,
With its fragrant petals blue,
Bloomed and faded here unnoticed,
But all radiant there it grew.

All the flow'rs of ev'ry climate
There will flourish 'neath His care,
Though on earth they fade and perish,
Bloom they in His garden rare.

M. MOSHER.

BABY'S DEATH.

Our home is still and quiet;
Friends drop a silent tear;
Death's form was on our threshold,
And took our babe from here.
Oh! why wert thou so cruel?
Couldst thou not from us keep?
But no—the Lord has willed it;
Why should we mortals weep?
Just as the plant was budding,
And oped its gentle leaves,
It was removed to Heaven,
And we were left to grieve.
So fold his hands together,
For they are lifeless now,
And smooth his golden ringlets
From off his marble brow.
His blue eyes close so gently,
For ne'er again will they
Look on this world of sorrow,
Or on the light of day.

Now lay him in the churchyard,
In his cold little tomb,
Where flowers all the season
Will e'er rejoice to bloom.
Fanned by the gentle zephyrs,
A requiem they say
To our own little baby,
Who lies beneath the clay.

M. HOGGSON.

MY FLOWER-GARDEN.

My greatest treasures are my flow'rs,
My pretty little flow'rs;
And though they are so plain and few,
Could grace a queen's bright bow'rs.

With little walks of pebble stone,
And mounds of purest green,
Decked by a crown of lovely flow'rs
So stately and serene,

The rose, the radiant queen of flow'rs,
Bears high her noble head,
While lily, pure and innocent,
Around her perfumes shed.

The tulip all her pride displays
In colors bright and gay;
A contrast is to blue-bells pale
The lovely flow'r of May.

Then eglantine and ivy twine
With unrelenting care
To climb the mould'ring, gray stone wall,
And hang in clusters there.

Then vi'let peeps, from out the green,
With eyes of darkest blue,
And smiles at sister daisy's garb,
Of pink the tenderest hue.

But I must leave my garden now
To zephyr's gentle sway,
To April's gentle showers of rain,
And sunbeam's brightest ray.

M. Hoggson.

CIGARS AND MEN.

Cigars and men are much alike,
In many ways they e'er agree:
The hard and soft by one fell stroke
Acquaintance form, as we oft see.

A likeness in cigars we'll find
To human life in various ways:
As we the former find well wrapped,
So man is wrapped in childhood's days.

The better quality cigar
Is always wrapped with greatest care;
The child of noblest family
The finest clothes does always wear.

Cigars and men, as they grow old,
Their youthful strength and vigor lose,
By age and time they're rendered weak,
Because deprived of Nature's dews.

Cigars, as well as men deceive;
And when we look back to the past,
We find that, that which we thought good,
The worst of all proves at the last.

In being, and in being not,
A difference very great does lie;
Each one a high exchange must pay,
Who on the cover casts his eye.

The fire oft quits the new cigar,
As ardor leaves the youthful breast;
Awhile it burns with brightest flame,
And then it dwells in thoughtful rest.

As dies the light from burnt cigar,
So fades the life-light from the heart;
When we by sorrow are oppressed,
And feel its ever painful dart.

Cigars, as well as people, show,
With all its joys and woes, the past;

Both unto ashes do return,
And both kill time while they do last.

Cigars, as well as life, enjoy!
But neither past fair reason crave,
Else you, like them, will fall away,
And pass into an early grave.

K. McCarthy.

MY GRANDPAPA.

Affectionately dedicated to William Thompson.

FAR in the sunny, glorious South,
Where balmy zephyrs blow,
Dwells my dear, aged grandpapa,
Away from world and foe.

The snows of eighty winters have
Blown swiftly o'er his head,
And left upon his furrowed brow,
The traces of their tread.

His step's no longer light and brisk,
But feeble, slow, and weak;
His eye has lost its dazzling gleam;
The glow gone from his cheek.

His silv'ry locks hang o'er a brow
That's wrinkled by dull care;
The flight of years have left their trace
Upon that face once fair.

As meteors, in the starry heavens,
Glide slowly from our sight;
So his dear life is fading fast,
As deeper falls the night.

Those loving, wrinkled hands that oft
Have led me when a child,
Now weak and helpless rest upon
His bosom, reconciled.

I love to lean upon his chair,
And watch his earnest gaze
Fixed on th' eternal vaults of Heav'n,
As to our God he prays.

A holy calm has settled o'er
His peaceful, happy face;
And in his eye there shines a light
Which tells of Heaven's own grace.

BLANCHE THOMPSON.

WHISPERINGS OF FLOWERS.

Earth has a thousand tongues that swell
In whispers soft and low,
We hear them in the flow'ry nooks,
And where the waters flow.

We note them when the slender grass
Bends to the summer air,
Its low-toned music's scarcely heard
By softest breezes there.

There is a language in each flow'r
That opens to the eye,
A voiceless but a magic charm,
Which in earth's blossoms lie.

The flow'ring almond, first of all,
Brings perfume to the breeze,
The earli'st, at the call of Spring,
Among the green-clad trees.

It whispers of that cruel one,
Of Indiscretion's fate;
Of trusting many, ah! too soon,
Alas! convinced too late.

The wall-flow'r, clinging cheerfully
Amidst decaying gloom,
Bespeaks true friendship of the heart,
In stern misfortune's doom.

And like the twining ivy-vine,
When all around depart,
Fierce storms the bondage closer brings
Of friendship round the heart.

The little lily of the vale
Seems sent our hearts to bless,
E'er whispering during its short life:
"Return of happiness."

The musk-rose loads the ev'ning breeze
With its own rich perfume,

Sweet incense wafting, far and near,
From its thick clust'ring bloom.

What brings the bright and shining glow
The scarlet poppy wears?
A consolation for our griefs,
A solace for our cares.

The ancients wreathed the brow of sleep
With richest poppy flow'rs;
For slumber drives all cares away,
And pictures happier hours.

Yes, flow'rs have tones. God gave each one
A language of its own;
And bade the simple flower teach
Where'er its seeds are sown.

FANNIE BOND.

TRANSIENTNESS.

As all on earth must pass away
  Like mist before the morning sun,
So neither joy nor youth will stay,
  To cheer us till our course is run.

I wander through the meadows green,
  And seek for flowers sweet and dear;
But nowhere are bright flowers seen,
  Their bloom is gone and naught left here.

I listen oft to many a bird
  That lonely sings among the trees,
But where's the one of all that herd
  Whose song did never fail to please?

I look up to the heav'ns and see
  Clouds upon clouds, one gorgeous mass,
Yet they are not the same to me
  As those I saw in childhood pass.

I call the names of friends once dear,
The good and true, oh! where are they?
And Echo answers: "On their bier,
Still brighter than the orb of day."

Stay, stay, my weary heart, thy throbs,
Thou also will soon cease to beat;
This life is but a dream of sobs,
And waking we join Death's retreat.

K. McCarthy.

THE WARRIOR'S VOW.

Alone he stood upon the beach,
A tear was in his eye,
And from his manly, robust breast
He heaved a painful sigh.

Far in the woody dell beneath
Dwell those to him most dear,
Within a little cottage white,
Beside a brooklet clear.

He thinks of childhood's happy days,
When at his father's knee
He heard of bloody wars and strife,
And danced about in glee.

To think that he one day would wield,
In battle and in war,
The wonderful old family sword,
The sword his father wore.

But as these thoughts pass, one by one,
Before his languid eyes,

He thinks of his dear native land,
Which now in bondage lies.

He thinks of all the loving ones,
His only sister frail;
Of all the friends, of childhood's years,
Who dwell in that sweet dale.

And of the little cottage, hid
Among the ivy green,
Surrounded by the rose-buds gay,
And climbing flower-bean.

And by the mighty God of War,
The fierce, unbaffled Mars,
He swore that he'd be free again
Beneath his native stars.

So, waving high his feathered plume,
He dashed away the tears,
And mounting hurriedly his steed,
He quickly disappears.

MAMIE HOGGSON.

IF WE WOULD.

If an effort we'd make
All harsh words to suppress,
How much trouble we'd save!
How much sorrow redress!

When our tongues are inclined
False reports to spread round,
If we would but reflect,
Oh! how different they'd sound.

If we would but delay
When we censure the weak,
There'd be many more souls
A Redeemer would seek.

If each one would but strive
All the good to perform,
Which does lay in his power,
Then would none feel the storm.

Oft our friends we hear say
When they're asked, toward the good,
To contribute their part,
That they would if they could.

They on this lay the blame,
When 'tis not if they could;
To their shame be it said;
That, they could if they would.

On that last dreadful day,
When our record we fill,
Our dear Lord will regard,
Not our power, but will.

K. McCarthy.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

'Mong all the flow'rs God doth bestow
On sinful mortals here below,
There's one, in quiet nooks that lives,
Which unto us most pleasure gives.

Shall I its name to you impart?
"Forget-me-not." 'Tis to the heart
A soothing balm; it calms all fear,
And unto God the soul draws near.

What makes this flow'r to me so dear
Is that I, as a child, did hear
My mother tell concerning it
When I upon her knee did sit.

The first forget-me-nots I found
Were some which grew upon a mound
Beside a brooklet, swift and clear,
Whose waters had to me grown dear.

Enraptured at this lovely sight,
I toward them sprang, with laughter light,
And very soon my hat did fill
With those I plucked from off the hill.

I then said unto mother dear:
"Oh! see this lovely flower here;
It seems brought from some fairy bower.
Tell me the name of this sweet flower!"

Then said my mother unto me:
"Each one who does this flow'ret see,
Although he only takes a look,
Is charmed as with a much-loved book.

"When God this little flower made,
He must have on it blessings laid,
That it can so much joy bestow,
And rouse man from the depth of woe.

"O child! whose thoughts are kindly laid,
Has not our Lord this fair world made?

Did He not give us glen and dale,
And grass and forests, hill and vale?

"All these we owe unto His grace,
And ev'rything upon earth's face;
A thousand flow'rs He caused to spring,
That we might off'rings to Him bring.

"For all the gifts which we receive,
He only asks that we believe,
And think of Him, with grateful mind,
Whene'er one of these gifts we find.

"When earth with all things else He'd graced,
One little, simple flow'r He placed
In spots more shaded than the rest,
And where 'twould be a welcome guest.

"O flow'ret! how soon man forgets
The favors God for him begets!
With rapture goes he through the fields,
But unto God he ne'er appeals.

"O flow'ret rare! then make man know
The duty he to God does owe,
And say: 'Though not so great my debt
As yours, my Lord I'll ne'er forget.'

"'Tis therefore that this flower got
The name it bears—forget-me-not."
Then closed my mother: "You should know
From this the duty that you owe.'

I spoke with tears—a truthful sign:
"Beloved mother, mother mine,
God will be ne'er forgot by me,
But I to Him will thankful be."

That mother has long gone to rest,
But still her teaching fills my breast:
My childhood's promise I will keep
Until within my grave I'll sleep.

God's voice to me speaks from this flow'r,
Which takes me back to childhood's hour;
It seems to say: "Whate'er thy lot
In life may be, forget me not."

K. McCarthy.

WAWA.

To my Baby Brother.

With his prattling little tongue
All the household he does cheer.
He's the sunshine of our home;
All are happy when he's near.

With his short and auburn curls
Dancing round his merry face,
Covered by a sundown great
That from him the sunbeams chase;

Running o'er the meadows green
Till his feet are bathed with dew,
He's a merry little sprite;
Happier than he are few.

Panting and all out of breath,
What red rose will match his cheeks,
As, with weary little steps,
He the lovely wild flow'r seeks?

With his ruby lips upheld,
Dearer than the rubies bright,
And his dancing, large, blue eyes,
Brighter than the stars of night,

He a kiss from papa claims,
Stretching forth his little arms;
And to papa that sweet kiss
Is a world with all its charms.

And when twilight slowly falls,
Free from danger and from fears,
In his little nightslip dressed,
Playfully his couch he nears.

Then his little hands he lifts
Ere his eyelids close in sleep,
Asks God to protect him now,
Far from him all danger keep.

MAMIE HOGGSON.

STRAY ARROWS.

It chanced that Fate should idle be,
And from her airy throne
Looked down upon the peaceful earth,
On which the pale moon shone.

And taking, from her quiver gay,
Some arrows strong and bright,
She sent them swifter than a bird
On its aëriel flight.

One pierced a lonely mother's heart,
As, bending low her head,
She looked into her child's pale face,
And saw that life had fled.

In anguish does she raise her voice
To God's almighty throne,
And begs for mercy in that hour,
In which her all has flown.

Upon the bloody battle-field
A noble youth has fell;
Fate's arrow pierced him to the heart,
The red blood naught can quell.

A sister is awaiting now
That brother true and brave;
And while she sighs and prays for him,
They lay him in the grave.

"How dark and gloomy is our home!"
Some children said to me;
"For mother dear has left us now,
To live eternally."

E'en here Fate's arrow pierced its way,
And caused a painful stroke;
A loved one has departed now,
A bright home-circle broke.

M. HOGGSON.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

From the clouds, in a region of cold,
With my sisters, bright snowflakes, I've flown.
I was tossed through the streets of the wold;
By each passing swift draught I was blown.

I have passed by the gayest of gay,
And where merriment rang on the air;
I have passed by the warrior gray,
By the maiden so charmingly fair.

I have passed by the children at play,
While their innocent laughter was heard;
Yes, I passed and was blown far away
With the speed of a beauteous bird.

I have passed by the mother in tears,
As so sadly she wept o'er her child;

For he'd grown old in sin more than years,
He had grown all so wayward and wild.

I have passed by the father in joy,
As he folded his children in love,
And then taught them how grace to employ;
For 'tis sent from our Father above.

Now I rest, as an emblem of life
When 'tis tossed by strange Fortune's dark wave;
Through the joy and the trials and strife,
I now rest on a little, lone grave.

MINNIE MOSHER.

THE MANIAC.

Her eyes are wild, and fitful lights
  Leap from their depths by starts;
She holds a something to her breast,
  And from it never parts.

They say it is a little dress
  Which once her child had worn;
And since his death she nothing knows,
  Except for him to mourn.

When winds in fury howl around,
  She wanders in the night,
And screams, in tones so madd'ning, at
  The lightning's lurid light.

And chases she the sweeping blast,
  While loudly ring her cries:
"Ye winds, ye winds, ye've stol'n my
    child;
  He with you ever flies.

"He's mine! he's mine! Return to me
My child you've taken away.
Ye'll not? But, ha! I'll chase you till
The light does herald day.

"My child! Ha, ha!" thus laughs she loud,
And through the midnight wild
She calls, and calls on howling winds:
"Restore, restore my child!"

M. MOSHER.

RECONCILIATION.

When you have through a word,
Said in haste, lost a friend,
Call him back to your heart,
Though your pride it may rend.

Oh! remind him of past,
Happy days now no more.
Those dear joys were too great;
They have passed on before.

Oh! then ask him if years
Of companionship gay
And sincerity fond
With one word pass away.

Tell him, then, that, within
The great depths of your heart,
Friendship's light still burns on,
Yet undimmed by grief's dart.

Hill and dale, every spot
Where we both were once known,
Now in anger demand:
"Where's your friend? Why alone?"

When you have through a word,
Said in haste, lost a friend,
Call him back to your heart,
Though your pride it may rend.

KATE MCCARTHY.

THE BOUQUET.

KINDEST friends, within the walls
Of Our Lady's school so dear
Blooms a sweet bouquet of flow'rs;
I will tell you of them here.

One, a brown-eyed Marigold,
Loved by all for cheerful smiles;
We will call this Fannie's flow'r,
Filled with cunning, winning wiles.

There's a blue Forget-me-not,
Nestling Marigold beside;
This we'll call sweet Blanche's flow'r,
Glowing with her Southern pride.

Then the next, a Hyacinth,
Brightens all the air around;
This, Johanna's flow'ret dear,
In each woody dell is found.

Tiny Mamie's Violet—
  Modest, though her worth is known;
And in this bouquet of flow'rs,
  To each one so dear she's grown.

Still another—yet I pause;
  This one, mayhap, you have guessed;
For 'tis there within those walls,
  Nestling somewhere with the rest.

And affection's bond unites
  All in one for Sister's sake,
And I ask her with the rest
  This last little flow'r to take.

MINNIE MOSHER.

MY NATIVE BAY.

My native bay is calm and bright,
As e'er it was of yore,
When in the days of sunny youth
I stood upon its shore.

The sky is glowing, clear and blue,
As oft in youth it smiled,
When all the sky and all the sea
Were placid, bright, and mild.

How oft has darkness since then dwelt
O'er sky's vast, boundless way!
How oft have rude winds woke its waves,
And tossed each ship like spray.

Now, after years of absence passed
In sorrow and in pain,
I once again return to find
My bay and sky the same.

The darkness and the storms from both
Have since all passed away,
And now, as in fair youth, once more
It is my native bay.

Oh! that, like it, when toil is o'er,
And griefs and woes have passed,
The pangs of hearts may then subside,
And bring sweet peace at last.

JOHANNA GUNTMAN.

MY SOUTHERN HOME.

My dear, my sunny Southern home,
Thy mem'ries round me cling,
And from the long and dreary past
Thy hallowed scenes I'll bring.

Full well do I remember now
Thy balmy zephyrs, cool,
That o'er my heated brow did blow
When coming home from school.

I need to only ope the gate
That shuts from me the past,
To view again thy blooming woods,
With all their gorgeous cast.

The rippling waters still I hear
Of merry, babbling brooks,
As gleefully they dashed along
In many bends and crooks.

Thy warbling birds, with plumage gay
And blithesome, happy songs,
I see again in all their pride,
In num'rous joyous throngs.

Their soft, sweet twitt'ring still I hear,
As when, in days gone by,
They sang at eve their merry tunes
Ere to their nests they'd fly.

The old, dear homestead, too, I see,
Each cool and airy room;
Piazzas broad, o'erhung with vines
In richest, brightest bloom.

Oft, when a child, I loved to roam
O'er all the house and land;
And, when fatigued, I'd seek the woods,
With all their trees so grand.

I'd wander through the misty groves,
And cull the fairest flow'rs

That blossom 'neath the South's blue sky,
Within her fairest bow'rs.

I've watched my home at morning's dawn,
All bathed in sunlight clear,
As o'er the distant, lofty hills
The sun did bright appear.

At ev'ning's calm and holy hour,
I've also watched it then,
As, in the west, that same bright sun
Bathed it in light again.

I see it now, in fancy's eye,
The same as in those days—
My dear, sweet, sunny Southern home,
Oft cooled by fountain's sprays.

BLANCHE THOMPSON.

EPITHALAMIUM WITH FLOWERS.

The flow'rs fit emblems are of joy;
Far more than words do they express.
'Tis therefore that to-day I bring
These simple ones with this address:

With peace and happiness are fraught
My wishes for you both to-day,
And may bright Fortune's fairy charms
Surround you with Contentment's ray.

The feelings I cannot express
By which my heart is moved to-day,
But may the One who reigns above
These feelings to your hearts convey.

Oh! may your pathways e'er through life
Be strewn with choicest, brightest flow'rs,
And may you never feel the pain
Which oft is caused by evil powers.

Upon your pathways, through God's will,
May many thousand flowers bloom,
And from your presence e'er dispel
All thoughts of sorrow, grief, and gloom.

Unlike these flowers, may true love
Remain with each while life does last;
May not Time's devastating hand
Its chilling blight o'er either cast.

But may it stronger grow with age,
And prove to each, in after-life,
A solace in declining years,
A barrier 'gainst ev'ry strife.

The flow'rs of love you weave in life,
May they your brows in death entwine,
And teach you resignation's words:
"Thy will, O Lord!—not ours, but thine."

KATE MCCARTHY.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOODS.

Once on a time three children fair,
Who should have gone to school with joy,
Stood still, condemning learning rare
As fun most sad for girl and boy.

Their foolish minds did make them say:
"Oh! let us to the woods now go.
The animals do naught but play;
Come, they will play with us, we know."

Then off into the woods they went,
And asked the birds and beasts to play;
But they, upon their labors bent,
Replied: "We have no time to stay."

The butterfly to them did say:
"To lazy be I've no desire;
The work I have is, on this day,
A bridge to build across the mire."

The ant, so diligent and neat,
Was passed, you can imagine why;
The bee, who next they chanced to meet,
They fled from with a heavy sigh.

The little mouse to them replied:
"For winter I must gather food."
"And I," the little white dove cried,
"Must build a nest for my young brood."

The hare to them did only wink,
And said, "I to the brook must hie
To wash my mouth and take a drink."
And after this he hurried by.

Strawberries, too, did lightly say:
"We also have our work to do;
We occupy this pretty day
In ripening fruit much liked by you."

Then by them came a young cuckoo,
Whom they did think would be their guest.
They said to him: "Oh! surely you
Will stop with us awhile to rest?"

"I beg your pardon," he replied,
"I must prepare a feast to-day."
He this to them said with all pride,
And, bowing stiffly, flew away.

Then spoke they to the brooklet sad:
"Why do you ne'er move from your bed?
Come, play with us; be with us glad."
"Why so?" surprised the brooklet said.

"O fie! the lazy children see:
They think that I have naught to do,
When I at rest can never be,
But move all day, and all night too."

So wise a lesson having learned
From denizens of wood and dale,
They then to home and school returned,
And cried: "To Industry all hail!"

K. McCarthy.

LEAVES FROM NATURE.

In ev'ry spot, where'er we look,
We're sure to find from Nature's book
A leaf of brightest hue;
And even in the mossy dell
Where blooms the modest, sweet bluebell
We see, at least, a few.
And so I've gathered here to-day
Some leaves I found upon the way.

FIRST LEAF.

I wandered from the busy town,
And sought the country's shade;
I roved, for pleasure, up and down,
And through each verdant glade;
I paused and gazed upon a stream,
A little, murmuring brook,
Which played with ev'ry shining beam
And danced through ev'ry nook.

'Twas only, though it seemed a dream,
A leaf from Nature's book.

SECOND LEAF.

I saw, among the passing crowd,
A face as fair as light;
Her life had known no leaden cloud,
Her happiness to blight,
But smiles played o'er her ruby lips
Like zephyrs over flow'rs
As pure as dew the bee e'er sips
In summer's balmy hours.
She ne'er had known a bitter care,
'Twas joy in ev'ry look,
And she, the fairest of the fair—
A leaf from Nature's book.

THIRD LEAF.

I heard the thunder crash along
The mountain's lofty peak,

And echoing its awful song
In many a horrid shriek;
This mighty voice which crushed the trees,
And e'en the hill-tops shook,
Was, with the summer's gentlest breeze,
A leaf from Nature's book.

FOURTH LEAF.

I gazed into a deep abyss
Where darkness reigned supreme;
Its depths the sunlight could not kiss,
Nor give it one stray beam;
And though I could not pierce the shade,
Nor to the centre look,
Yet, it all Nature's laws obeyed—
A leaf of her vast book.

O'er all the world we look and see
The beautiful and bright,
Yet all, O Nature! bow to thee,
Acknowledge thy just right;

The billows on the bounding sea
  Are foam-tipped leaves of thine :
The rock, which rises proud and free,
  Is formed by thy design ;
The violet on mossy bed
  Is e'er a leaf of thine,
With twinkling stars which overhead
  So brilliantly shine.
And so, where'er our eye may look
We see the leaves of Nature's book.

MINNIE MOSHER.

VALOR AND VIRTUE.

Valor and Virtue, with hands clasped by love,
Came to our earth bright and gay;
Valor and Virtue the household defended,
Both of them fought in the fray.

Widows and orphans, when kneeling in prayer,
Blessed these two friends fair and brave;
Valor the soldier encouraged in battle,
Virtue kind smoothed the lone grave.

Valor, a youth with a proud, noble bearing,
Scorning the lowly and weak;
Virtue, a maid so entrancingly lovely,
Looking so gentle and meek.

Valor has strengthened the soldier in combat;
Virtue upheld the lone wife.

Valor has shone in the warfare of nations;
Virtue, in spiritual strife.

Valor and virtue are praised by all true ones:
Valor is loved for his pow'r;
Virtue is loved for her own modest treasures;
They are the tree and the flow'r.

M. MOSHER.

DREAMS OF THE PAST.

THERE are times in our lives when the mind
Loves, in fancy, to roam
To the scenes of the past, there to find,
Free from sorrow, a home.

With what joy we retrace those loved scenes,
Half effaced from our hearts!
For, in sorrow and woe, they're the means
Of repelling grief's darts.

In these past recollections we find
There are some full of love,
As the mem'ry of friends, true and kind,
Who may now dwell above.

Oft we're wont, at the close of the year,
To indulge in these dreams;
All our joys and our sorrows appear,
So like truth it all seems.

In bright robes, and on golden-tipped wings,
Fancy oft takes a flight;
Of the past, in our dreams, she oft sings
On the old year's last night.

It is then that she paints to mine eyes
All the joys of the past,
And to gratitude true she gives rise,
Which with life will e'er last.

K. McCarthy.

WHY HAS THE GOOD BEING SPARED ME SO LONG?

Respectfully dedicated to S. S. Addison.

Why has the Good Being spared me so long?
Why have I toiled through the path of this life?
Why have I seen all my kindred depart?
Why do I fight all alone in the strife?

Would I could span the dark, misty stream, death!
Would I could list to the beautiful song
Sung by the angels above, in high heav'n!
Why, alas! why has God spared me so long?

Brother, repine not; if hard be thy lot,
Brighter, then brighter, thy heav'nly crown.

Ev'ry good deed is recorded above;
Courage, then, brother, and be not cast down.

Look at the suffering ones pleading for aid,
Look at the sinning ones seeking for truth;
Then, for the sake of the crucified God,
Show them the fount of perpetual youth.

Work for His people, and work for thy faith;
God will reward thee, O brother! in heav'n.
Fear not the task, but be noble and brave;
Bless, then, my brother, each year He has giv'n.

MINNIE MOSHER.

SMILES.

THERE are many things which cheer us
By their cunning, pleasant wiles;
There are gifts which all can give us—
'Tis their kind and loving smiles.

Children's smiles—so winning, joyous!—
Greet us when the day is o'er;
In their innocence, they seem like
Glimpses from the golden shore.

Smiles of manhood—how ennobling!
Bidding us to higher aim—
Bidding us to scale the mountain,
Reach the summit, grasp for fame.

Smiles of womanhood—how cheering!
Helping us in hours of grief,
Lifting from us care's great burden,
Bringing weary hearts relief.

Age's smiles—how mild! how gentle!
Calm, to all earth's cares resigned,
Wreathing withered lips with beauty,
Seeming earth and heav'n combined.

Loving smiles are always welcome,
Always cheer the lonely heart;
Let us, then, be ever scatt'ring
Gems which sweetest joys impart.

M. MOSHER.

RELIANCE.

In travelling over land and sea,
My childhood's early life was spent;
All dreams of youth soon fled from me,
And hopes on which my mind was bent.

In earnest deeds my life was spent,
And many ups and downs I've borne;
And as I o'er life's pathway went,
With every rose I plucked a thorn.

And hopes which hitherto seemed bright,
Before my eyes, I now saw pale;
Twas then that tear-drops dimmed my sight,
When I would lift the future's veil.

Without advice, sad and alone,
A youthful maiden I then stood,
Without a friend to call my own,
And guide my steps from bad to good.

Yet still the power I possessed
Of trusting God with all my heart
Remained with me, thus giving rest
And warding off each sadd'ning dart.

Alone, deserted, forced to seek
My livelihood from day to day,
Is it a wonder that my cheek
Grew pale like to the moon's cold ray?

I did not wail, I did not cry,
Although my heart would almost break;
I would dream on, and time would fly
As swift as boat on placid lake.

O silly child! I then did say,
Employ your talents, yourself defend;
Trust in your God where'er your way,
And all will prove well in the end.

And with this thought to me returned
Both peace and joy, with banners furled;

And since that hour I've trouble spurned,
And looked with joy into the world.

Each day I've had unto me sent
My daily bread—a heavenly deed.
Although through twenty years I've went,
I always found help in my need.

And He who thus kept me alive
Will ever watch me from above,
So long as I do earnest strive
To prove deserving of his love.

Oh! then, this little proverb true,
Of so much good in life to me,
Kind reader, I bestow on you,
And hope you will its greatness see.

Oppressed by poverty and care,
Do you not find work for your hand?
Your troubles—are they hard to bear?
Stand you alone in this wide land?

Complain not; raise your prayers to Him
Who dwells within the golden gate;
Have faith, and let it not grow dim,
For He it is who holds your fate.

If this you do, you soon will find
That he who in the Lord does place
His faith and trust, with all his mind,
His hope founds on a steady base.

KATE MCCARTHY.

PICTURES IN THE CLOUDS.

'Neath the clouds which floated outward,
With their varying hues so bright,
Sat a woman, careworn, weary,
And her locks were silver white.

Round her played the little children,
But she heeded not their glee;
On the clouds she e'er seemed gazing,
Them alone she seemed to see,

Till a merry boy ceased playing,
As he said, with childish stare:
"Grandma, why is it you're looking
Always at the clouds up there?"

"Oh!" she answered, "little Charlie,
What I see you cannot tell;
Long ago, in childhood, loved I
On the clouds to gaze so well.

"But the pictures which I see there
Now seem altered to my sight;
But, my Charlie, what see you in
Yonder little cloudlet bright?"

"There's a ship," he answered, smiling,
"Sailing all the ocean o'er,
And a man is standing, waving
Farewell, from the quitted shore"

"Yes, I see," said grandma, musing,
"There's a ship with stately mast;
But the man is beck'ning to her,
She is coming in so fast.

"Look again, my little Charlie,
For the scene is changed to me;
Look and tell me, dearest Charlie,
What is it that there you see?"

"Oh! I see a gallant army,
Marching out to join the fray,

With their armor and their helmets,
With their swords all flashing gay."

"I, too, see a host of warriors,
But they're crowned, their vict'ry's won;
And it seems bright palms they're waving;
All their fighting now is done."

Thus the child and grandma sat there,
Gazing on the flitting clouds,
And the pictures toward them floated—
Pictures came to them in crowds.

To the boy they all seemed starting
Toward some far-off, sought-for goal;
To dear grandma all seemed coming,
Where sweet peace is giv'n each soul.

MINNIE MOSHER.

VOICES IN THE SHELLS.

In sweet joy I have roved by the side of the sea;
I have watched the blue waves come and go,
As they'd toss in their play, with their gentle, light touch,
The pink shells on the beach to and fro.

I have listened to voices, so strange and so drear,
Which from innermost depths seemed to well;
Some will say 'tis the roaring of waves that we hear
When we hark to the sound in each shell.

But to me 'tis far diff'rent; oh! yes, for it seems
That the moans of those lost in the main

Are e'er echoed, in memory sad, by the shells,
Which alone chant their funeral strain.

I have heard in the shells the most mournful of tones,
To me seeming a mother's last cry,
As the waves tore the child from her fond, loving arms,
And then bore it away there to die.

I have heard, as it seemed, the bold sailor's last moan,
As he sank in the briny blue deep,
Ere the waves choked the prayer which he muttered for aid,
Ere he slept his unbroken last sleep.

I have heard in the shells the poor fisherman's calls,
When his bark by the rough waves was tost;

Like a bird, for a while from their fury it fled,
Then it trembled and stopped and was lost.

Oh! 'tis strange, dreary sounds which I hear in the shells,
As I rove by the shore of the sea,
And I think that perhaps in some future time they
May a requiem sad chant for me.

M. MOSHER.

THE KISS.

"And he that betrayed Him gave them a sign, saying: 'Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is He: hold Him fast.'"

THE sacred token of a kiss
Was used by all to show
Their mutual love, the holiest tie
Which joins our hearts below.

And yet the Saviour of the world
Was by this sign betrayed,
As in affection's garb was hate
By Judas vile arrayed.

Search records of the greatest crimes,
Of treach'ry e'er so deep,
And you will see e'en villains did
This sign most sacred keep.

It makes my life-blood to congeal,
I shudder with affright,

Whene'er reflecting what was done
Upon that fearful night.

Had Judas struck his Lord, or tore
Him from His friends apart,
Hypocrisy would not have stained
The traitor's deep-dyed heart.

Since then a kiss no more is held
As sacred as before,
And all the human race have cause
That kiss to e'er deplore.

M. MOSHER.

THE MOTHER'S WATCH.

Oh! had this broken watch the pow'r
To tell its story here,
Perhaps 'twould call from hidden cells
A sympathizing tear.

It seemed a sacred thing to her
Whose heart is still and cold;
And if I may past's curtain raise,
Her history I'll unfold:

When but a blue-eyed babe she'd list
Its measured "tick" to hear;
And oft 'twas giv'n into her hands
By mamma kind and dear.

The first sweet word her rosy lips
E'er uttered here below
Was "watch," for from its tick there seemed
A ceaseless joy to flow.

From it, in blithesome childhood's years,
She first did learn to count;
She held e'en yet the watch to be
Her pleasures' very fount.

And when the bud of childhood o ped
To womanhood's bright rose,
The watch e'er told the morn's approach
And ev'ning's gentle close.

It told the merry, laughing hours
Which hovered o'er her way;
It told of innocence and joy,
Which made her life so gay.

But, ah! our earthly path must be
Oft strewn with thorns of woe;
The watch, it told the hour which made
Her motherless below.

She parted with her childhood's home
To seek her daily bread,

And then the watch told hours of grief
To her whose lone heart bled.

And when the path of vice seemed smooth,
She silenced conscience' prick,
But, oh! she could not silence e'er
The faithful watch's tick.

It then recalled the wav'ring one,
And virtue was her choice;
For in the watch's constant sound
She heard her mother's voice.

But soon her life was almost spent,
And death, so cold, appeared,
And yet in dying moments still
The watch the suff'rer cheered.

And when to realms of endless bliss
Her spirit winged its way,
The watch was sold, by stranger's hand,
Her burial to defray.

But, like a heart of friends bereft,
As if of grief, it broke;
Why should it tell the hour when she
No more on earth awoke?

M. MOSHER.

LITTLE PAUL.

One cold, bright winter's night he came,
This little one so dear,
To lighten all our hearts and paths,
And lone fireside to cheer.

His beaming, cunning, bright blue eyes
Soon learned to slyly wink,
And in each echo of his laugh
Seemed Cupid's binding link.

His chubby, dimpled arms he'd throw
Around our necks, and lay
His sunny, curly head upon
Our hearts, and talk so gay.

His patt'ring footsteps could be heard
Along the passage way,
In haste to greet dear papa and
To him a kiss convey.

He'd climb o'er mamma's rocking-chair,
His cunning pranks to play;
He'd fondle and caress her kind
Through all the live-long day.

But soon a cloud fell o'er us all,
And sad was ev'ry brow;
For God had sent His angels dear
To rob us of him now.

No more his merry laugh is heard,
Resounding through the hall;
His darling little form now rests
Where moonbeams o'er him fall.

Go hide this tiny, cherub crib,
And lay away his toys;
For Paul has gone to realms above,
There God's gifts he enjoys.

BLANCHE THOMPSON.

SILENT CITIES.

Silent cities, silent grandeur,
Meet our view on ev'ry side
As we wander o'er the ruins
Once so stately in their pride.

Time, thou art a cruel monarch
Causing all things to decay,
Monuments of fame destroying,
Dooming all to pass away.

Once, O Nineveh! thy towers
Rose so proudly toward the sky;
Now in chaos dark and gloomy,
Thou, bright Nineveh, dost lie.

Why, ah! why, o'er all thy greatness,
Does sad silence hold her sway?
'Tis the very stillness answers:
"Time has doomed me to decay."

Where the hundred gates all brazen
Which adorned thee, Babylon?
Where thy temples, hanging gardens?
They have all to ruins gone.

Thou art, too, a silent city,
Thou art Time's submissive slave;
All thy arts could never triumph,
All thy arts could not thee save.

Silent are the people's voices,
Hushed by death's own stern command;
With their works thy children perished,
Leaving only ruins grand.

Thebes, thou city once so mighty,
Where is all thy grandeur now?
Why this mournful pall of sadness
Cov'ring o'er thy faded brow?

Art thou too, a silent city—
Thou, who once was Egypt's pride?
Ah! thy glory all hath vanished
'Neath old Time's swift-flowing tide.

Vainly seek we for some token
Of thy people; but our calls,
All unanswered, echo downward
Through thy ruined, silent halls.

Silence, silence o'er thee reigneth,
And no human voice we hear,
Only in the ghostly columns
Sounds the night-owl's hoot most drear.

O Jerusalem! how noble
Once thy holy temple rose.
Now but o'er thy ruins shine the
Sun's last rays, at ev'ning's close.

All thy people now are scattered,
And the cricket's chirp is heard;
Where once human footsteps wandered
Flies the lonely forest bird.

Silence, silence so oppressive,
Reigns with undisputed right;
O Jerusalem! thy error
Caused this awful, withering blight.

Silence reigns o'er all the places
Where His sacred feet have trod,
And 'tis thrilling there to linger
O'er the footsteps of our God.

Proud Vesuvius, at thy foot are
Two lost cities, silent, hushed.
Herculaneum, all thy glory
By this tyrant has been crushed.

Pompeii, too, lies beside thee
Silent, silent and entombed.
Darkened all the brilliant tapers
Which thee, cities, once illumed.

Now thy conqueror stands in triumph,
Silent, menacing, and grim,
Looking, o'er thy silent ruins,
On clear Naples' grass-grown brim.

But the moonbeams, silv'ry, gentle,
Fall o'er marble white and cold;
'Tis another silent city,
'Tis a city vast and old.

There, within its sombre limits,
Lies full many a mossy bed.
Trembling pause I, in the silence—
O'er the city of the dead.

M. MOSHER.

SOME CHEERFUL SPOT.

In ev'ry desert an oasis,
In ev'ry heart one spot,
Where echo sweetest, dearest voices
Which say: "Forget me not."

Though ruined hopes may moulder, lying
Like tow'rs all fallen low,
Yet still beneath a pillar broken
Some verdant moss will grow.

M. Mosher.

NO MORE.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS BY MISS KATE M'CARTHY.

Twelfth Annual Commencement of the Institute of Our Lady, Baltimore, Md., July 1, 1875.

DEEP is the pain that fills the mind
When we o'er Memory's pages pore,
And, written in bright letters, find
These sad and bitter words: No more.

If we a passing glance bestow
Upon these words of sad farewell,
We do not see the depth of woe
That lies beneath their sounding knell.

Deep down into our heart of hearts
They sink like molten, fiery lead;
Most sure and steady are the darts
Aimed at us by these words so dread.

Our life's composed of light and shade,
A varying scene of smiles and tears;

Bright flow'rs spring up, and then they fade;
We're ruled by hopes, and then by fear.

Oft, when we think we're prospering most,
And let our thoughts too swiftly soar,
As if to mock our proudest boast,
Grim Fate replies: "No more, no more!"

When once we've tasted pleasure's cup,
We stop not till we've quaffed the whole;
To drink the dregs we take it up:
"No more," we hear within the soul.

Thus far we've gone on pleasure's track,
When Fate forbids us on to soar,
And thus we find our hopes cast back
By those destroying words: "No more."

We find it ever thus through life,
That when we deem we happiest are,
We're sure to meet some cause for strife,
Which then our brightest dreams does mar.

Although these words oft cause great woe,
Obliging us to sorrow bend,
Yet oftentimes they joy bestow
By telling us: "Pain's at an end."

Some years in life seem very bright,
Not being marred by any care;
The mem'ry of them gives delight,
When looking back o'er scenes so fair.

'Tis Eighteen Hundred Seventy-Five
Will e'er be held by me most dear;
For Mem'ry e'er will keep alive
Rememb'rance of my last school year.

'Twas in this year our holy Pope
His legates sent unto our land,
To cheer his subjects with bright hope,
And place a Cardinal o'er our band.

Dear Maryland the honor bears
Of having taught in youth the one
Who now the Cardinal's red cap wears,
By learning and by virtue won.

We'll hear it said no more with scorn,
Our country can no Cardinal boast;
For of this stigma we are shorn
Since he's been raised to this high post.

'Tis therefore that we should rejoice
O'er honor great and rare as this,
And raise to heaven a thankful voice
For granting us such cause for bliss.

Among life's many happy hours,
Our school-days hold the foremost rank;
For then we dwell in sunny bow'rs
And sorrow's page is all a blank.

But ah! alas! these happy days,
Like all life's pleasures, from us soar;
Stern Time repeats, in mournful lays:
"Those days are passed to come no more."

With sorrow then our hearts are rent
When told that we must bid farewell.

Like reeds by fierce old Boreas bent,
We yield our will to this sad knell.

To bid farewell to school-life dear
Is not, indeed, an easy task;
For friends we have both true and near,
And bound to them by friendship's clasp.

The anguish none can feel more keen,
Of parting from these classic halls,
Than I, who have no school e'er seen,
Save these beloved and sacred walls.

Now, as the sands so quickly flow
From out Time's hour-glass to-day,
They warn me I from hence must go,
And, therefore, should my farewells say.

Kind Reverend Father, pray accept
Our thanks for your advice so wise;
It e'er will in our hearts be kept,
And cherished as a holy prize.

Farewell, instructor of my soul;
May you still teach religious lore,
Until you reach that destined goal,
Where ne'er are heard those words: No more.

Farewell, kind mother Mary true;
Encouragement we e'er did find
From you our studies to pursue.
Alas! no more you'll cheer our mind.

Beloved teachers, 'tis to you
Our deepest, heartfelt thanks belong;
Our pleasure you have added to,
And from each rose-bud plucked the thorn.

No more within our class-room dear
We'll hear your gentle voice explain
The doctrines of some sage or seer,
That we may thereby knowledge gain.

Though privileged no more to hear
You to us science's wise laws tell,

Yet those you've taught we'll e'er hold dear.
Farewell, loved teachers, oh! farewell.

Dear class-mate, you with whom I've sought
The golden grains from knowledge's store,
I cannot think Time's law as naught
Which bids us knowledge gain no more.

Together we will cull no more
The flow'rs of learning true and wise;
They'll bloom for others seeking lore,
But from our grasp their sweetness flies.

Farewell, companion loved and true,
My joys and sorrows you did share;
Farewell! may angels e'er guard you,
And shield your life from every care.

Farewell, companions; it is hard
To part from you, with whom I've passed

So many hours by care unmarred,
But which, alas! no more can last.

Do not forget, companions dear,
The two who end their school-life score
To-day, but drop a silent tear
O'er school-days passed to come no more.

When kneeling in that sacred spot,
Our Convent Chapel, that we love,
Oh! grant that we'll not be forgot
In prayers you waft to heaven above.

Kind fathers, friends, and parents dear,
A short time since, and you heard naught
Save welcomes spoken to you here,
By those who have your pleasure sought.

But these you'll hear no more to-day;
For now I hear the parting knell
Which bids me that I now must say
To each and all a last farewell.

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